CaRina
PRIZED POSSESSIONS

This one is to Kellie, I-E.
This one's "All my peeps at KWXQ in Atlanta"

The...Geech?
Ge-och?

It's that concert promoter in Detroit who talks about himself in the third person.

Oh right, that dude.

These are... Carl, Felicia, Jacob, McKensie with a little C and an S, Rob—

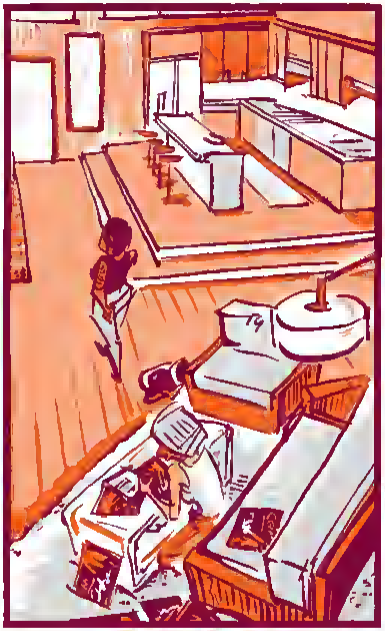
Oh!
Here, Carrie.
I need to take
this.

Hey!

No, I'm glad you called.

Yeah, it's been a while.

Oh,

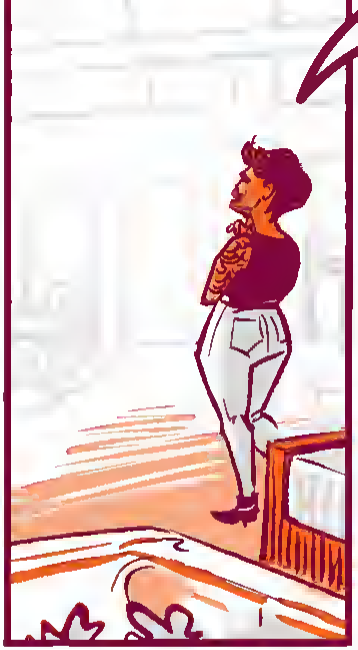


you know, same old.

Ha, yeah, I *bet* you have.

Yeah, that doesn't surprise me in the least.

Today, really? I—yeah, that'd be



great, actually.

No, nothing that can't wait.

Yeah, I'll meet you there around...?

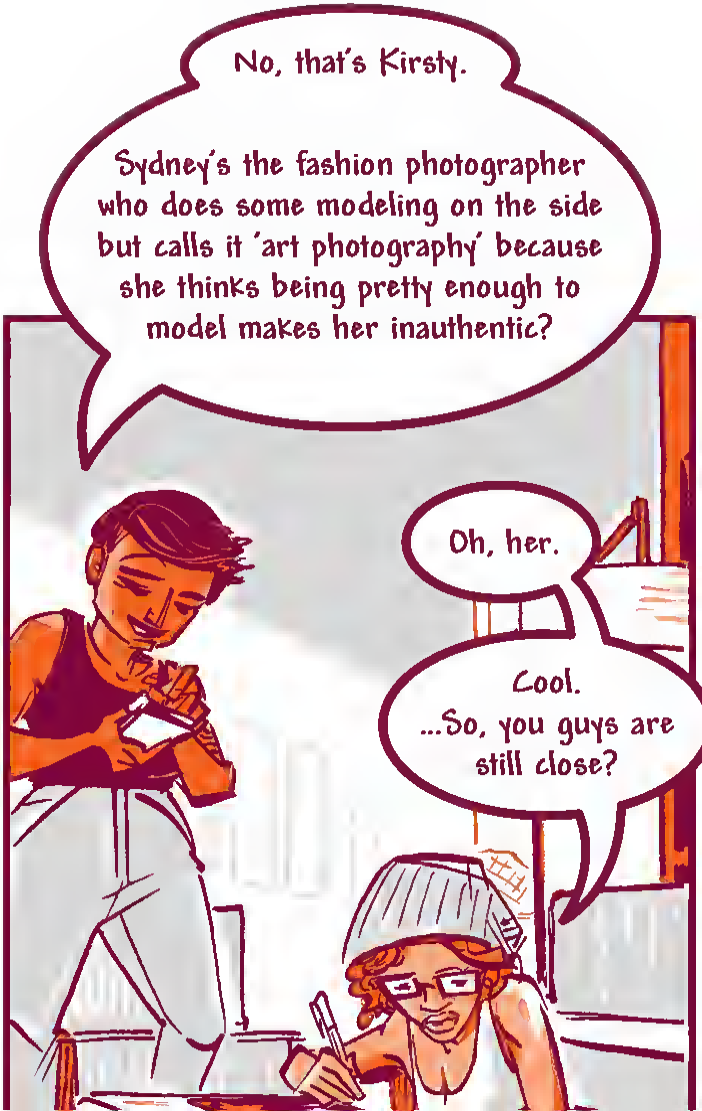
Perfect.

Awesome,

Yeah, see you then.
You too.
Uh huh, you too.
Bye.
Sweet!
Good news?

Awesome news. That was my ex, Sydney— did you ever meet her?

Was that the one who got high and tried to eat your towels?


No, that's Kirsty.
Sydney's the fashion photographer who does some modeling on the side but calls it 'art photography' because she thinks being pretty enough to model makes her inauthentic?
Oh, her.
Cool.
...So, you guys are still close?

No, not really. I called her up yesterday to see if she could give us an introduction to Diane Kane.

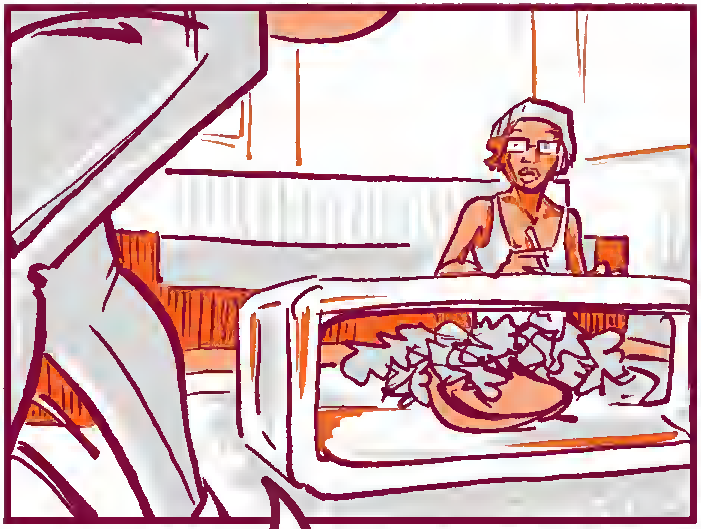
Huh?

Well, you wanted to talk to her about the attack, right?

Sydney worked as an archivist on her art collection a few years ago.

I'm gonna clear your afternoon. We're meeting Sydney at Kane's place at four.

Hi—Claudia?



This is Meera Verma, Carina Peterson's assistant.

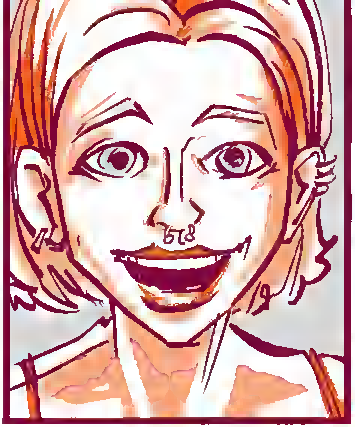
I'm *so* sorry for the late notice,

but something's come up.

Can we reschedule today's interview for sometime next week?

POWER BALLAD

CHAPTER FOUR

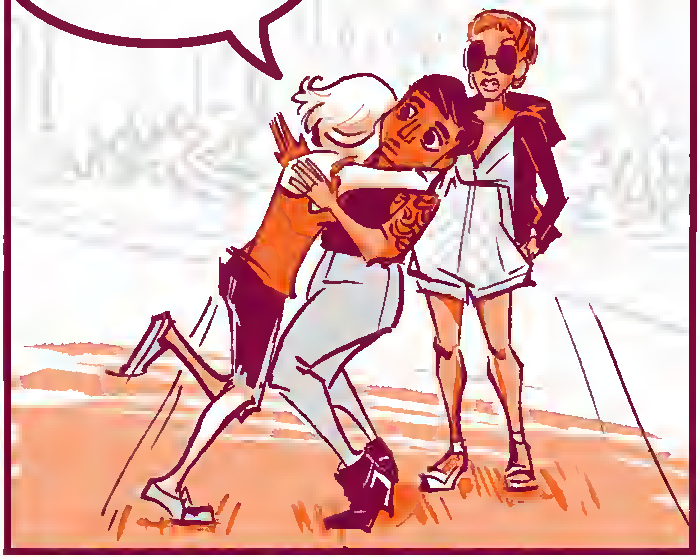


Meera!

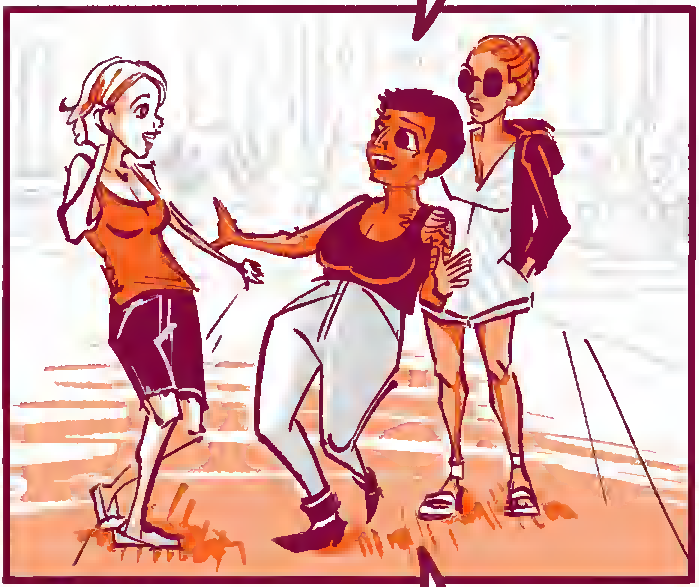
Hi, Syd, how's it go— *oof!*

It's *so* good to see you again!

You look great. I *love* your haircut!

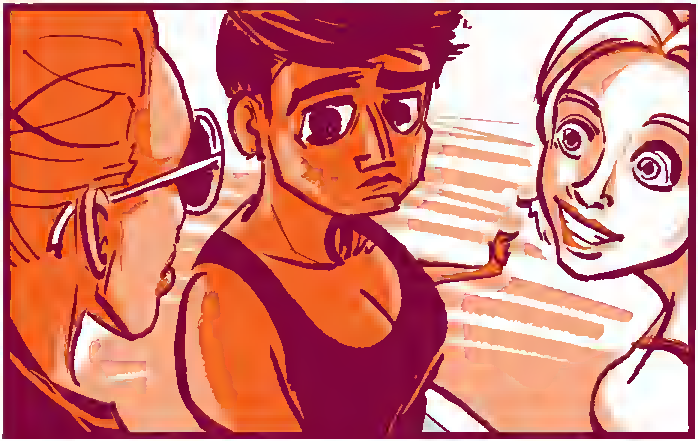

You look amazing. Wow, I can't believe it's been so long, what's it been, a year?

Uh, ish.

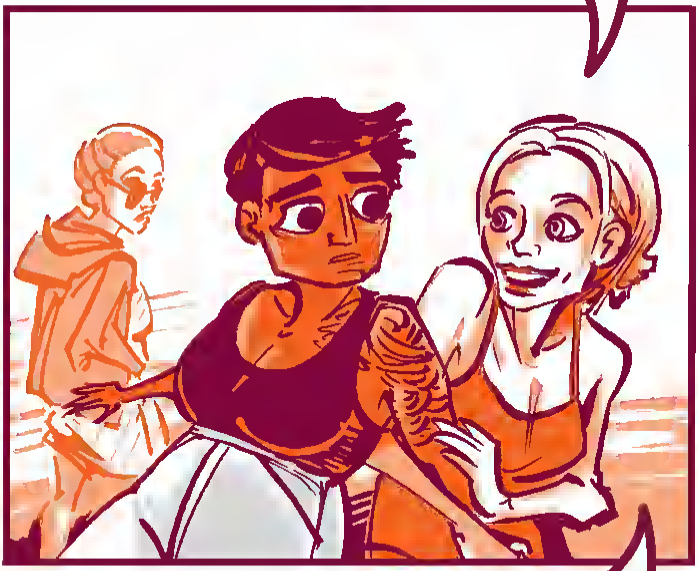


Sydney, have you met

Carina Peterson?



Hi.

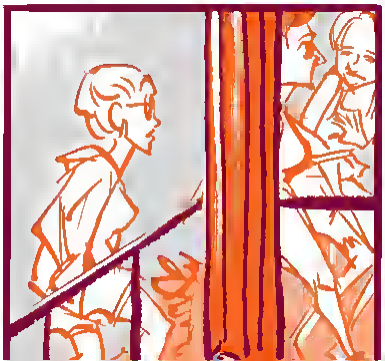

I'd love to hear what you've been up to all this time.
I've been branching into filmmaking.

myself.

Right now I'm fundraising for a documentary about interstate medians as symbols of modern urban isolation,

and how our changing concept of green-space affects modern reading of paradise and garden imagery in myth.

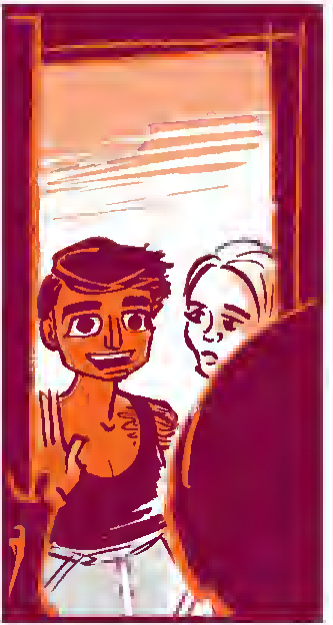
Ah.



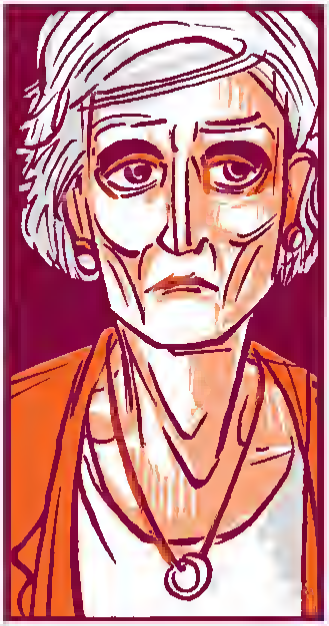
Maybe while
Diane talks with Carina
we could grab a wheatgrass shot and
you can catch me up on everything
you've been doing.

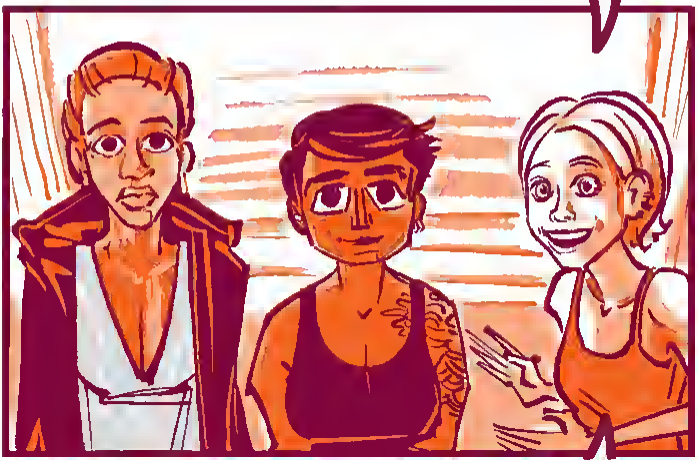
Oh, that sounds... really fun...but actually I was going to stay here in case Carina needed anything.

Oh.



Hello!

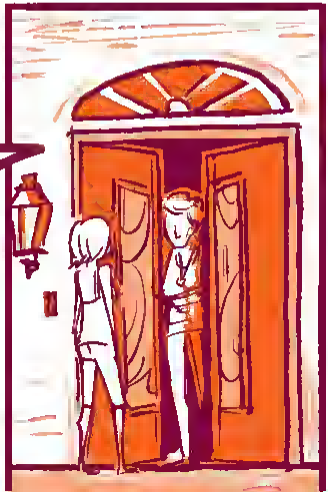

Diane, hi!
I'm so glad
you're alright.


These are my friends Meera and Carina.

They wanted to pay their respects.

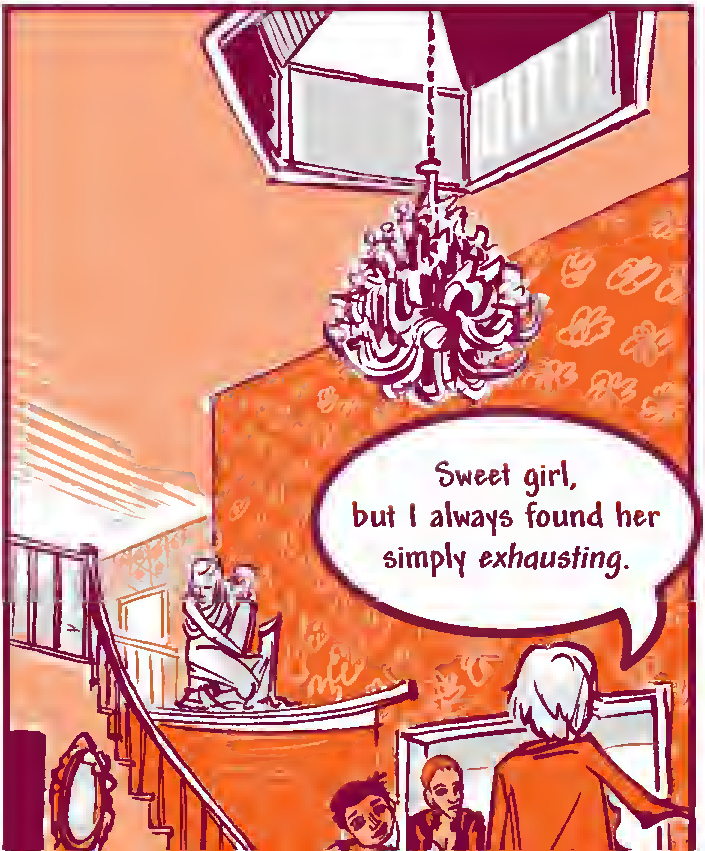
Thank you, Sydney.

Won't you come in?



Lovely to see you again, dear.

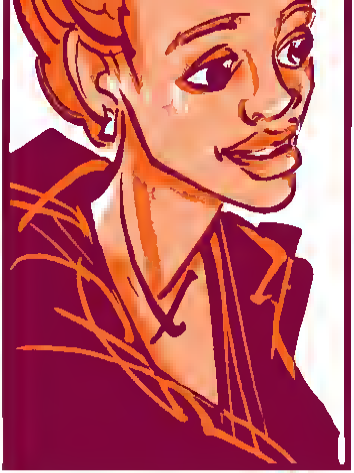
Glück!


Sweet girl,
but I always found her
simply *exhausting*.

Yeahhh, same.

I was glad she contacted me, though. I've been curious to meet you.

Carina

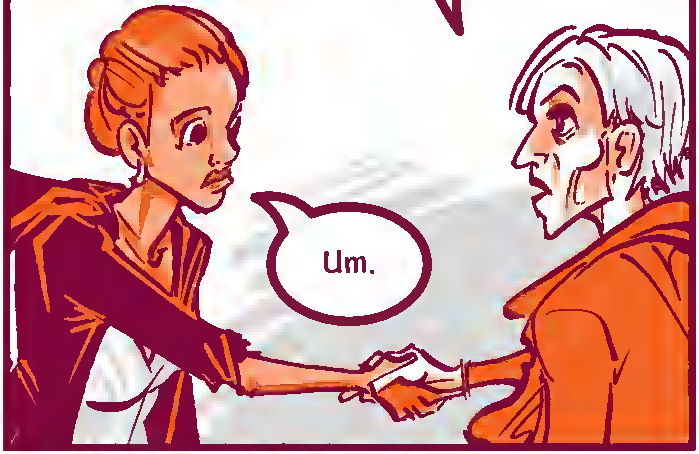


Peterson, ma'am.

I think you were friends with my mother.

And married to your father.

That's obvious just looking at you.



Relax, dear, it's not *your* fault I married a hound dog.

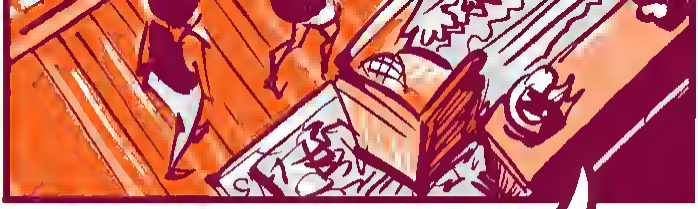
Or your mother's, for that matter.

Can I get you girls something to drink?
Coffee, water, bourbon?
...That last one sounds good.

We were only in this house for a few years before Marco passed.

He was obsessed with getting these hideous 'complementary textures' everywhere, and now *I'm* the one who has to look at it.

I keep meaning to redecorate, and then just... not doing it.

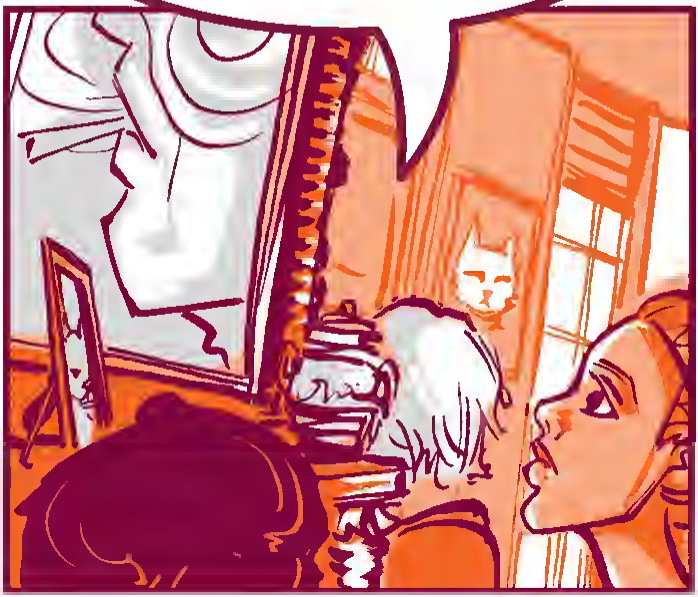


I hate parties, always have.

But the 'grieving widow' excuse was starting to wear thin after twenty years.

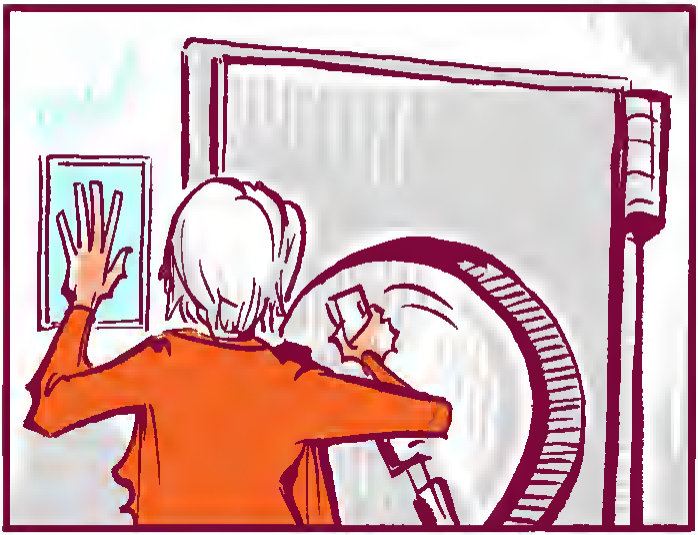
I suppose the silver lining of having some wretch in a balaclava rip my clothing off is that no one will ever

expect me to go to another one again.



Maybe it makes me a selfish old cow, but I've kept almost all of Marco's work here.

I'll occasionally loan things out to the LA Fashion Museum and the like, but for the most part...



I just like having them nearby.

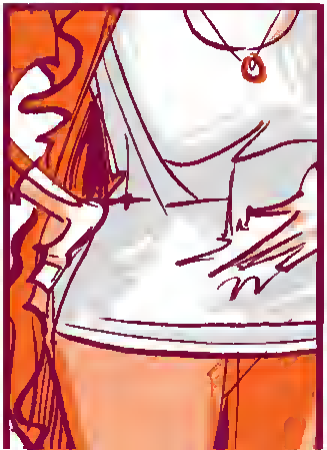
Woah.

This is amazing. Do you wear these a lot?

Snort

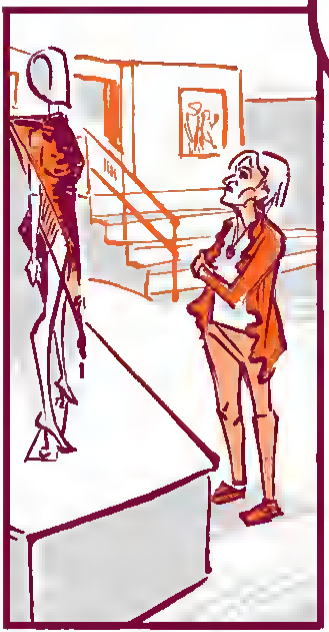
What, you mean just around the house?

No.
I'm a recluse, dear,
not a lunatic.



Besides,
most of it wouldn't
fit me anymore
and the rest...

Well, its
moment has
passed.



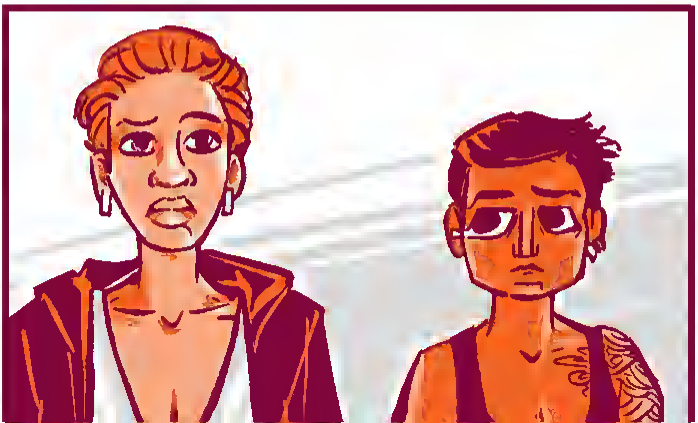
But it was a good moment, and it's nice to have the reminders around and look at them sometimes, when I feel like it.

Like I said— selfish.

Do you recognize this one?

Your mother wore it in that TV movie...

oh,
what was it
called.



Marco told me once that she was the most perfectly shaped woman on Earth,

and that no one else would *ever* wear his designs so well.

...Marco was a bit of an asshole, if you want the truth.

Diane, thank you *so much* for sharing this with us.

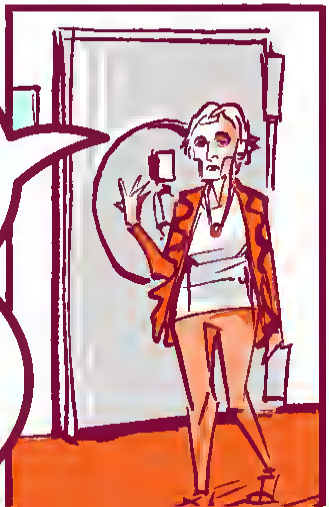
Are you worried about your collection, after the attack?

Not at all!

Honestly, it was kind of

reassuring.

This collection is well-known to anyone who cares about this sort of thing, but that gala was the first time in years that I've worn any of Marco's clothes in public.



If whoever wanted that gown so badly could get at it here, they wouldn't have waited 'til last week to try, would they?

Another round of drinks?

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